A Little Unorthodox

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by hartfeathers

Summary

"How much do you know about BDSM, Will?"

"Not much. I've read a little but I've never had a partner I trusted enough to ask."

"BDSM play isn't purely sexual, Will. Sex can be a part of play or a scene but it isn't necessary. It is about letting go of control and trusting that your play partner will give you what you need. I think you might benefit from the emotional and physical release that engaging in play would offer you." Hannibal pauses for a brief moment, just for dramatic effect and to pull out the tension of the moment. "I would like to propose engaging in play with me, Will."

Will's blush intensifies and he fidgets, "That's a rather unorthodox form of therapy, Dr Lecter."

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Prompt - Sexual Tension and Impact Play (Chapter 3)

Notes

I tagged Dubious Ethics because Hannibal proposes BDSM as a form of therapy but their scene does not remain professional, their personal feelings and attraction bleeds into it.

The scene itself is well discussed and I wrote it to be good and safe BDSM practice.

I briefly mention Will using small sensations of pain as stress relief by digging his nails into his palms, and there's implication he has used other methods too. I didn't write this with a view of self-harm but as a grounding mechanism, albeit an unhealthy one.

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Thank you so much to Nunar and Lisa for offering their support, encouragement and feedback. You were both so helpful and I appreciate you both so much ❤️

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Hannibal watches Will as he rubs his fingers against the leather chair, his leg bouncing restlessly as his whole body seems to radiate tension.

"Are you alright, Will?"

Will finally looks at him, he has been staring out the window ever since he sat down, a furrow in his brow and lightly biting his lip. "I'm fine."

Hannibal quirks an eyebrow at the instinctual placating response and simply holds Will's gaze and allows himself a small smile when the younger man sighs.

Will shifts in his seat, unable to keep still, "I just feel a little… restless lately."

Hannibal hums, that much is obvious from the agitation that almost leeches from Will's entire body. The tension is clearly making him even more uneasy and skittish than usual. "Have your headaches been worse?"

"Yes."

"No doubt due to the increased tension you are carrying. Will, what is causing you to be so on edge?"

Will glares at him. "If I knew that I wouldn't be in this state."

Hannibal remains outwardly calm but internally he grins, his blood quickening a little at the small flash of Will's teeth. Hannibal revels in this defiant and wild side of him. He continues to watch Will intently and catches the subtle rhythmic clenching of his fist, each time his fingers tighten a brief flash of relief washes over his features. *Oh*, he is digging his nails into his palm. An idea flickers in his mind and what a delicious thought it is.

"Will. I have an idea how to help you but it will require me to ask you some intimate questions."

Will blinks, surprise written clearly across his face. He takes a moment to think about what exactly Hannibal means by intimate but then he swallows, a determined look on his face, makes eye contact and nods.

Hannibal cannot control the small curl of his lip into a slight smirk. He recrosses his legs and clasps his hands together, resting them on his knee.

"Have you ever used pain as a form of stress relief, Will? Whether in a safe, healthy way, or not." Will won't meet his eyes at the question but the way his shoulders tighten and he seems to shrink into himself is answer enough. He needs to bring him back out of his shell before he closes off too much. "Do you enjoy pain during sex, Will?"

Will sputters, seeming to almost choke on air at the abrupt and clearly unexpected question. Once he regains himself he looks at Hannibal with wide questioning eyes but Hannibal just holds his gaze unflinchingly.

Will clears his throat and rubs his hands over his thighs, no longer pressing his nails into his palms. "What kind of pain?"

"Any kind, Will. Biting or spanking, perhaps restraints or even whips. I want to know if you like pain and in what capacity. When we experience intense stimulation it heightens our awareness, it strengthens the connection between the brain and the body. When we experience this kind of hyper-focus, we are flooded with positive chemicals like oxytocin and endorphins. Experiencing pain in a pleasurable way can be very cathartic and beneficial, it helps relieve built up tension and stress, but only if you are receptive to pain."

Hannibal feels a small thrill skitter up his spine as a faint blush rises on Will's cheeks and those sea blue eyes once again wander, breaking their stare. Will shifts again, subconsciously rolling his hips.

"I do like it." Will licks his lips, "I like being bitten and restrained. I like it when my partner is a little too rough so that it hurts." he swallows thickly.

Only Hannibal's tight control over himself prevents him from ravishing Will where he sits. Arousal begins to warm his belly and he has to fight it down in order to control his outward reaction. He doesn't want Will to be aware of how much this is affecting him, at least not yet.

"How much do you know about BDSM, Will?"

"Not much. I've read a little but I've never had a partner I trusted enough to ask."

"BDSM play isn't purely sexual, Will. Sex can be a part of play or a scene but it isn't necessary. It is about letting go of control and trusting that your play partner will give you what you need. I think you might benefit from the emotional and physical release that engaging in play would offer you." Hannibal pauses for a brief moment, just for dramatic effect and to pull out the tension of the moment. "I would like to propose engaging in play with me, Will."

Will's blush intensifies and he fidgets, "That's a rather unorthodox form of therapy, Dr Lecter."

Hannibal's lip quirks, "Indeed, but I tend to embrace the unorthodox when it is the right choice for my patient."

Will hums in answer and rubs his fingers along the leather of the chair once more, he licks his lips and asks, "What, exactly, would this *play* entail?"

"Have you had any experience with impact play before?" Will's brow furrows in question, so he elaborates, "Such as spanking, cropping, caning or whipping - being hit with a hand or object such as a paddle or whip, or even an ordinary object such as a belt or wooden spoon."

Will shakes his head and Hannibal can see the way his eyes darken and glaze at the thought of it.

"Well, as a beginner I think it would be best to start you with some light impact play - perhaps a hand or a riding crop."

Hannibal watches Will shiver at the suggestion of a *hand*, "Not your hand." he rasps almost desperately, yet with a repressed sense of longing.

"Perhaps not," Hannibal replies, "that could be rather… intimate." He knows Will is still trying to keep some distance between them, scared of being vulnerable and letting someone in. He needs a level of separation, which Hannibal will allow, for now. "A riding crop, then. They inflict a sharp stinging sensation the intensity of which is controlled by the firmness of the strike. I would, of course, begin with light taps to warm you to the sensation and then increase the hardness to your liking."

Will pauses for a moment to process Hannibal words and then nods slightly, as if uncertain or embarrassed.

"A vital part of any sort of play is communication, Will. I know it's difficult but we need to have open and honest conversations about this or I will not proceed." Hannibal is strict on this. He has engaged in BDSM somewhat frequently since his early twenties and for all his other dubious morals he always adheres to safe and consensual play.

Will rolls his lips between his teeth, "Yes, Hannibal. I would like to try impact play." His voice is rough and hushed but it's enough, verbalising his desire and consent is extremely important for them both.

"Very good, Will, thank you." Will blossoms so beautifully at the praise and it makes Hannibal hum with desire. "Our session today is almost over and we both need time to prepare, practically and emotionally, before our scene. Would you like to engage in play during our next session, Will?"

"Yes, Hannibal."

"Good, thank you." Hannibal finds the praise falls easily from his lips when it's for Will, enjoying how much Will seems to melt at his words. "Over the next few days I want you to read about impact play and BDSM, research safe words and perhaps engage in some light solo play in order to gauge the level of pain you enjoy."

Will blushes once more at the suggestion but agrees and Hannibal knows he will, both because he asked him to and out of pure curiosity.

For the last few minutes of their session Hannibal resumes their routine conversation so that Will can relax at the normality of it. As Will leaves the room he is more at ease than when he entered, though he still carries some tension and now the lingering threads of lustful interest. As Hannibal watches Will drive away anticipation starts to creep in as he begins to plan their next session.

Chapter 2

Will settles in his chair opposite Hannibal and feels as if he's practically vibrating with nervousness and anticipation.

As Hannibal asked, he spent the last several days doing his research so he feels comfortable and knowledgeable enough of the basics to go ahead. He also tried solo play. After some thought he decided to use his own hand as most sites suggested that when you're new to impact play the hand is the best place to start. And *fuck* did he enjoy it. He vividly remembers slapping his own thighs and ass with varying firmness, the sharp sting of pain was addictive and the almost aching burn it left behind washed over him like a balm, the pain triggering pleasure and all of it ate away at the stress in his body. He's never come so hard in his life. It was euphoric.

That's why he's nervous. He knows this will most likely be a very sexual experience for him and he doesn't know how Hannibal will feel or react to that. He has found Hannibal attractive since the first moment he saw him, how could he not? The man is beautiful and exudes a sense of grace and elegance but also an almost sharp sensuality. That attraction has only deepened as they have spent more time together. But he has no idea how Hannibal feels about him. Sometimes he thinks he catches a hint of interest or desire, he could swear he's seen Hannibal staring at his ass longingly but the idea just seems so bizarre especially given that it's Hannibal, a refined man with an unshakable sense of politeness, surely he would deem staring rude. Will can't read Hannibal as easily as he can other people and he knows that's intentional. Hannibal hides behind walls and masks just as he does. So Will honestly has no idea what Hannibal will make of the inevitable erection that will occur as he's using the crop on him. He just hopes the older man won't think any different of him.

"Will?" Hannibal's distinct smooth voice calls his attention and from the patient smile on his face it isn't the first time.

"Sorry, I was just…" *thinking about how fucking turned on I'm about to be when you hit me with a riding crop.* Will swallows the words.

"It's alright, Will. I understand. Did you do your research as I asked in our last session?"

"I did, it was very informative." Will doesn't elaborate further. He knows that if Hannibal asks him directly he'll tell him, he read just how important communication is for this sort of thing, just as Hannibal said, but right now the words feel too heavy.

Hannibal nods, as always he is able to read Will like a book, "Did you enjoy your solo play, Will?"

"Yes." The word slightly hushed, almost whispered, as if the admittance of it is something secret.

"That's good, Will."

He feels a shiver of pleasure run down his spine, he didn't realise just how much he craves praise until it started falling from Hannibal's lips. He watches with keen interest as Hannibal stands to retrieve something from his desk and his breath catches in a strangled gasp when he sees what he's holding. A black leather riding crop. Will had looked at many pictures of crops just so he was ready but it all feels for nought. Nothing could have prepared him for seeing it in person, for seeing it in Hannibal's hands. It is unspeakably and almost unreasonably erotic. He can't help the way his eyes track Hannibal's fingers as they slide along the handle. Will shifts in his seat as Hannibal sits opposite him once more, he can already feel the faint tug of arousal in his gut.

"This is the crop I would like to use on you today, Will. It is handcrafted in pure Italian leather. I purchased one with a wide keeper, that's the technical term for this," Hannibal explains as he rubs his fingers over the leather tab at the end of the crop, "it's also known as the slapper." Will restlessly clenches his hands in the leather chair imagining he can feel the soft, supple crop. "Using a wider slapper is recommended for beginners as they inflict a less intense sensation than their slimmer counterparts. Would you like to hold it, Will?"

Will simply nods and holds out his hand without hesitation, his mouth gone dry. He takes the crop and feels jittery with anticipation, it feels smooth and faintly warm, the slapper is firm but has flexibility to it. He looks at Hannibal, a clear question in his eyes, and waits until the older man nods before gently slapping his own thigh with the crop. He releases a ragged breath as a dull bolt of pain shoots up his leg followed by a swooping lick of pleasure.

"Is it to your liking, Will?" Hannibal asks as he holds out his hand.

Will passes the crop back to him. "Yes, Hannibal. I like it. Thank you." his words come out a little stilted, still unsure of their dynamic.

"Good, I'm very pleased."

Fuck, those affirmations in Hannibal's seductive accented voice are going to kill him.

"There are just a few more things we need to discuss before we can move on to the scene. How do you feel about marks, Will? Would you like it if I hit you hard enough to leave red marks, or bruises, or would you prefer if I didn't?"

Oh, my god. Just the suggestion of being littered with red welts and blue bruises in the distinct shape of the end of a riding crop is so filthily arousing. "I do like the idea of marks but as I've never been cropped before I'm unsure if I'll be able to endure the pain necessary to leave marks." Will's voice has gone rough, his throat too dry and his words drenched in poorly concealed excitement.

"That's alright, dear Will. I will start slowly and you will be able to ask me to stop if it gets too much. I just wanted to know if you were comfortable with being marked. I generally use the stoplight system as it is well known and utilised by those practicing BDSM, and it's simple to remember and use. Did you read about the stoplight system, Will?"

He nods, "Green means you're comfortable to continue, yellow means slow down and red means stop."

"Precisely, very good, Will. I presume you read about safe words." Will nods again. "Did you choose one?"

"Pomegranate." Will answers, he thought about it for a while, considering a few possibilities, but the one thing that stuck in his mind was the image of pomegranate fruit amongst the flowers of Hannibal's table decorations. Pomegranates remind him of Hannibal's dining room and kitchen, both places he feels safe and relaxed.

"A very good choice, Will. I would also like to establish a non-verbal safe word. It isn't uncommon for someone to lose their ability to speak during a moment of sensation overload so it's important to have a system in place to use if needed. It's especially important for us because this is our first scene as new play partners, it is a toy you have never used before and we are not sure how you will react. Do you understand, Will?"

"I understand."

"During our scene I will ask you to bend over my desk," Will's heart leaps up his throat and his belly tightens at those almost nonchalant words. He's had many fantasies about desks, quite a few of which involve this particular desk. "so I would suggest agreeing on a number of times for you to knock against the wood, at which point I will immediately stop and check in with you."

"Three. Simple, easy to remember but won't be mistaken for any other movement I may make." Will knows that he isn't going to be able to keep still the whole time, so noise is inevitable. But he doesn't want anything too long or complicated.

"Indeed, thank you, Will. Now, we will begin with you fully clothed and I will strike you over your clothes but are you comfortable with stripping so I may hit your bare skin or would you prefer to remain clothed throughout?"

Will stares down at his hands as they stroke along his thighs restlessly, he knew Hannibal would ask this because from most of the things he read cropping is usually, but not always, done in some state of undress as it often includes an element of sex. As terrifying as the prospect of being naked in Hannibal's office in front of Hannibal is, he knows he likes the sensation of being hit on his bare skin. During his solo play he tried both but definitely enjoyed it more once he was naked. And from the small slap he inflicted on himself with the crop he knows he'll like it through his clothes but he's also embarrassingly desperate to feel it strike his bare skin. He bites his lip and takes a deep breath, "I would like to start with my clothes on but I am willing to remove them. I want to feel it on my skin."

His eyes snap up at the faint sound of a groan he is sure came from Hannibal, a deep, throaty, primal sound. Under Will's intense stare Hannibal simply clears his throat and recrosses his legs.

"Before we proceed, I want to inform you beforehand which parts of your body I will strike so that you are aware. I will only hit your buttocks, thighs, shoulders and upper arms. These are the safest places to hit because they are fleshy and not near any organs or vulnerable areas. I will start with your lower body and then perhaps a few hits to your shoulders and arms where the flesh is thinner so the sensation will be more intense. But I will primarily be

striking your buttocks and thighs. Is that alright with you, Will? Are there any areas you would not like me to hit, or perhaps parts you would?"

Will swallows around the arousal lodged in his throat. "That all sounds good." he licks his lips, "During my solo play I liked hitting my thighs and buttocks." He uses Hannibal's words as saying 'ass' in this situation doesn't quite feel right.

He watches, interested and excited, as Hannibal shifts minutely where he sits and his amber eyes seem to darken like molten honey. *Oh*, perhaps Dr Lecter will be more affected by this than he thought.

"One last thing, during play both partners can become aroused, this is a very normal reaction. I need to know if you are comfortable with me touching you in a sexual manner, is it okay if I stimulate you to achieve orgasm?"

Will just about swallows his tongue at Hannibal's words as he speaks in a low, sensual tone. The room, and indeed the entire universe, seems to narrow down to the two of them held in this charged moment. He finds his gaze drawn to the pink pout of Hannibal's mouth, to the small space where it parts as Hannibal's tongue flicks out to wet his lips. Will's breath trembles, "Yes."

"Yes, what, Will?"

Will feels a shiver of delight as Hannibal softly utters the almost cruel words, coaxing him to actually say it.

"Yes, you may touch me sexually and bring me to orgasm." he pants, feeling like he's just run a mile from how hard his heart is pounding. Then, in a seemingly innocent tone, he asks "Will you become aroused, Dr Lecter?"

He watches, fascinated and excited, as Hannibal visibly tenses and his pupils dilate. "It is possible, Will. You are a very beautiful man and I do enjoy BDSM. Does that thought make you uncomfortable? I will not do anything you do not want or like."

Will feels his stomach twist with anticipation and desire. "It doesn't make me uncomfortable. In fact, I think I would like it if you enjoyed our scene too."

Chapter 3

Hannibal feels his body begin to warm with arousal at hearing Will's words, heavy with sex and sin. He licks his parched lips again, desire drying his mouth, and tightens his hold on the crop in his hands.

"During play it is common to use specific names for each other, to separate scenes from our everyday lives. You will call me 'Sir', Will."

Hannibal's voice has taken on a certain edge, a commanding firmness that makes Will shiver, it wraps around him like a constrictive yet comforting embrace. He feels like he can barely breathe for the want and need that has begun to fill his chest making it almost impossible to speak. He merely nods.

The air seems to thicken and electrify with anticipation, Hannibal can practically taste it. He allows Will his momentary silence and continues, "I will call you 'Caro'."

"What does it mean?" Will asks quietly.

"It's an Italian endearment, it means 'Dear' which I thought fitting, dear Will."

Will feels his face heat with shy pleasure to have Hannibal choose a name so sweet for him. He feels an impulse of gratitude and though unsure why he decides to follow it nonetheless, "Thank you… Sir."

The leap of faith in his impulse proves right as he watches Hannibal preen and relax further into himself. The older man seems delighted with Will's response and it only makes him more eager to please.

Hannibal feels a sense of pride and desire unfold as Will's natural submissive instincts come to the surface so readily for him. Many times he's had to coach a submissive on how and when to react but Will, beautiful unpredictable Will, takes to it with subconscious ease.

"Are you ready, Caro?"

Will takes a shaky breath, "Yes, Sir."

Hannibal smiles, fleeting and indulgent, then he stands and takes two long strides towards Will. "Stand."

Hannibal's smooth commanding tone washes over him, it both calms and electrifies him, and Will follows his order. As he straightens it brings him closer to the older man, barely a foot of space between them, their breath heavy and hot in the air making the atmosphere all the more heady. Will quickly catches Hannibal's gaze, his deep whiskey eyes are intense and captivating and Will has to look away, has to avert his gaze lest he do something stupid - like lean forward and kiss the other man.

"Look at me, Caro." Hannibal wants to see those beautiful blue eyes on him again, the colours seem to roll and shift like the ocean, one moment they glow aquamarine and the next they shine sea green. Now, as Will follows his order, in the low light of his office, his eyes shimmer like shards of sea glass and his pupils are blown with desire. "Good." Hannibal says in a low tone, wanting to encourage both Will's obedience and his desire for praise.

For a long moment they simply stand silently looking into each other's eyes, closer than they have ever been, as the intimacy between them seems to twist around them and tighten. Will gasps as Hannibal presses the riding crop against his chest, trailing the slapper from the dip of his collarbone, between his pectorals and down his abdomen until it stops at his belt buckle and Will can't suppress the way he trembles.

Hannibal licks his lips as he observes Will's reaction and feels his own eagerness raise its head. "Go stand in front of my desk."

Will immediately obeys his order and Hannibal follows him, he places his hand on Will's back between his shoulders blades and feels Will initially, instinctually, tense up at the touch. Hannibal does nothing and waits, letting Will adjust until he relaxes and leans into his hand, Hannibal hums approvingly and rubs Will's back a little before speaking, "Bend over, Caro."

Will stops breathing at the words, his whole body seems to seize up and then he just *melts*. He smoothly bends at the waist and braces his upper body against the desk using his forearms, he breathes deeply in an effort to calm his racing heart and listens intently for any sounds from Hannibal standing behind him. He feels his gut clench with lust as he hears a faint but distinct low, rolling growl - something primal and raw, an instinctual and subconscious noise. He bites his lip in an effort to hold back an answering keen that tickles the back of his throat.

Hannibal knows he should feel frustrated and perhaps a little embarrassed by his early slip in control, his body quickly betraying his desire as Will lay prone on his desk before him. However, he did tell Will BDSM is about letting go of control and, with Will's prior consent, Hannibal doesn't feel the need to restrain his reactions. His gaze roams over Will's body hungrily, sweeping over the broad planes of his back, the slim dip of his waist and the plush curve of his ass. It takes every piece of control he has to not touch him yet, to hold back from taking his fill, first he wants to give Will what he needs.

Will jumps slightly as he feels the light caress of the rising crop against the outside of his thigh, distinct in its small, rectangular shape.

"Caro, I will now proceed. Give me a colour."

"Green, Sir." he replies, his tone slightly shaky with anticipation.

"Good boy."

And *fuck*… Will squeezes his eyes shut as those two simple words sink in, as his body softens and his blood heats under the praise. He knows that being called boy should feel patronising but it doesn't, it feels like a claim, it feels like belonging and he suddenly, desperately, wants to be *Hannibal's* good boy.

"Ah!" Will can't help the cry that he makes when he feels the riding crop strike him for the very first time. It slaps against his clothed ass lightly, a zing of stinging pain bolts through him and twines with a delicious thrill of pleasure. He knows this is just a miniscule taste of what is to come and he aches for it, finding himself almost panting with the desire for *more*.

Hannibal can do nothing but marvel at Will's reaction, the way his body arches and shivers, reveling in the cry that falls from his lips. Hannibal continues to hit the crop against Will's ass and thighs, light smacks that will sting but are just the beginning and Will takes to the pain so beautifully. He pauses his onslaught for a moment, resting the crop against the dip just above Will's ass, and realises his breathing has elevated. His body is alight with want and exhilaration, his blood thrumming with excitement.

Will presses his forehead to the desk and pants heavily, his hot breath fogging the wood beneath him. He feels electrified, his whole body is alive with sensation but his mind is clear and focused only on one thing - Hannibal. There's no confusion, no worries, no doubts - everything has fallen silent beneath the blanket of pain and pleasure wrought by Hannibal's hand. He whines, pleading without words, and arches his back into the slow glide of the crop as Hannibal trails it up to his shoulders. He emits small breathy gasps as Hannibal hits the crop against his shoulders, twice and then a third time, before slapping each bicep once. Will makes a humming keen in his throat and presses his shoulders upwards wanting more, a moan slipping from his mouth when Hannibal hits the blade of his shoulder again.

Hannibal bites back a moan of his own as Will practically writhes for more, the small sounds of pleasure he makes echo in Hannibal's ears like a symphony. He has become extremely aware of his own arousal, his cock hard and wet beneath his trousers. He wants more. He wants to *give* more.

"Take off your shirt, Caro."

Will's fingers move before he can even fully comprehend the words, nimbley unbuttoning the garment without rising as Hannibal had not told him to do so. He quickly shrugs the shirt from his shoulders and drapes it somewhat neatly on the desk beside him, then places his hands against the desk once more.

Christ, Hannibal can't believe how perfect Will is, the man never once rose from his bent position as he followed his order, responding to his words perfectly. He rests the slapper of the crop against Will's shoulder and asks, "Colour?"

"Green, Sir." Will responds, clear and without a drop of hesitation, so Hannibal flicks his wrist and the slap of leather meeting bare skin is so erotically loud it makes his cock twitch. When Will simply whines and arches for more Hannibal continues to pepper hits against the expanse of his shoulders and upper arms, slightly increasing the strength of the hits.

Will's arms quiver beneath him, strength almost abandoning him as pain licks across his skin biting and burning in turn while pleasure rolls in his blood - creating an ebb and flow of suffering and bliss that is bordering on euphoria. He knows he is emitting an almost continuous string of whines and moans but can't find it in himself to care, too caught up in the rush of endorphins to give a fuck about appearances. He turns his head to look back at Hannibal when the hits stop and feels desire swirl in his veins. The older man hasn't a hair

out of place but he looks wild, his eyes burn almost red in their intensity and Will can spy the unmistakable tenting of his usually pristine trousers. He has cracked the perfect veneer of Doctor Hannibal Lecter and it only makes him want more.

"Take off your trousers and underwear, Caro." Hannibal can hear how rough his voice has become and he feels his cock throb almost painfully as Will strips for him. He watches with rapt attention as Will's slacks and boxers slip down his bare legs and pool on the floor, they are then kicked aside to leave Will completely naked bent over his desk. Hannibal licks his lips as he looks his fill of the miles of bare skin laid out before him, cataloging the freckles and moles that decorate Will's skin like a sparse starry sky. Unable to resist touching him any longer, he reaches out and places the pad of his middle finger in the valley of Will's spine between the arches of his shoulders. He slowly drags his finger down the length of Will's back until he comes to his hips, just above the swell of his ass cheeks. He marvels at the softness of Will's skin, his warmth radiating like a beacon.

Will dare not move lest Hannibal remove his touch. Though he shied away from the suggestion of a spanking he can't help the way he yearns for Hannibal's touch, feeling a gnawing hunger deep in his soul. He presses his hips back just slightly in the hopes of encouraging Hannibal to touch him more. He sighs contentedly when he feels Hannibal's large hand splay across the bottom of his back and then his breath hitches when the hand moves downward and firmly strokes his ass, his face warms with a blush.

Hannibal squeezes the plump flesh and groans when Will rocks back into his groping hand. He wants so badly to spank him, to hit that gorgeous ass with his bare hand but refrains. They had only negotiated cropping and Hannibal won't cross the boundary they set, besides with how well things are going he's sure he'll have the opportunity at a later date. His mind now refocused he strokes Will's naked thigh with the riding crop, "Colour?"

"Green, Sir." Will breathes and then a low moan spills from his lips, his body hitches and his arms buckle as delicious pain flashes across his leg. He reaches up to grab the edge of the desk and rests his cheek against the smooth, polished wood as pleasure sweeps in. Hannibal hits him again, the sound of the slap echoes in the room and Will whines. His cock hangs heavy between his legs, pearls of precum dripping on to the floor. He's been aroused from the first time Hannibal hit him but now his cock is so hard it aches, throbbing with every strike of the crop. Every time the leather slaps against his naked flesh Will moans, the sharp sting of pain shocks his nerves, the spreading burn of the strikes warms his skin and the waves of pleasure crashing over him makes him almost light headed - he can feel nothing but exquisite pleasure-pain.

Hannibal rains strikes over Will's ass and thighs, the skin reddens with thick welts and is now shining with a thin layer of sweat. But still Will just makes sweet sounds of pleasure and rocks his hips back into the slaps, eager and wanting. He knows they are both almost at the edge, not because of the pain he is inflicting but because of the mounting desire in the air. He growls as he watches precum drip from Will's cock as he strikes his ass particularly hard knowing a red mark will linger for days as a result. He hits him again just as hard but on the other cheek and Will sobs, muttering *yes* as he trembles and Hannibal can take no more.

Will hears a faint clatter and glances to see the riding crop abandoned on the floor, he is about to speak when he feels Hannibal's clothed legs press against his own and a strong hand strokes his back.

"You've been so good for me, Caro. You did so well, you are so beautiful." Will whines at the onslaught of praise and buries his face into the crook of his elbow as Hannibal continues speaking, "You are such a good boy." Will cries out as Hannibal spreads a hand over his hip bone, his long fingers brushing the base of his cock, he hadn't realised just how much he had been waiting for Hannibal to touch him until he did. Hannibal's fingers teasing his cock soothe the flame of need Will hadn't even noticed, so clouded by the exquisite bliss of being cropped. "Will you allow me to pleasure you, Caro? I want to make you come."

"Sir, *please*." he sobs.

Hannibal wraps his hand around Will's weeping cock, he gathers the sticky precum and pumps his hand slowly to slick the skin. Then he strokes Will's gorgeous cock hard and fast, he would love to drag out Will's orgasm but he feels desperate - desperate to see and hear Will fall over the precipice of ecstasy that Hannibal has brought him to, and desperate to follow him over it.

Will feels consumed by a pleasure so intense it's blinding. Frissons of pain skitter over his flesh where Hannibal's clothes aggravate his reddened skin, his body still burns with the lingering ache of the strikes, while the firm hand stroking his cock sends pulses of pure, bright pleasure though his entire being. He feels his body tighten and he squeezes his eyes shut, his mouth falling open in a soundless scream as his orgasm hits so suddenly and with such ferocity that it steals his breath.

Hannibal grunts as he feels Will's cock pulse and the body beneath him locks up as pleasure takes hold. He curls his fingers around the head of Will's cock to catch his warm cum and leans down to lick the dip of Will's spine, tasting the salt of his clean sweat. Unable to deny his own need any longer he quickly undoes his trousers and pulls out his cock, it's angry red and slippery with his own copious precum. He wraps the fingers coated in Will's cum around his cock and growls, pleasure bursting along his skin as he finally touches himself.

Will slowly becomes aware of his surroundings again as the overwhelming pleasure starts to ebb away, leaving him afloat on a sea of contentment. He can feel a firm hand holding his waist, the friction of Hannibal's trousers against his bare legs, he can hear grunts of pleasure and the wet sound of skin on skin. He feels his face flush hot as he realises Hannibal is masturbating behind him, a flash of filthy want lights him up and he wants to hear Hannibal come - he wants to be the reason for Hannibal's pleasure.

"Please, Sir," he begs almost breathlessly, "please come for me."

Hannibal snarls at Will's words and he is helpless, he wants to give Will everything he desires and the knowledge that Will desires his pleasure, desires *him*, tips him over the edge.

Will gasps as he feels hot cum splash against his skin, it covers his lower back and ass, slowly sliding down his skin until it trickles down his thighs. The sheer amount of cum is

surprising and suddenly Will is drowning in the thought of Hannibal fucking him raw and feeling all that cum filling him up and overflowing, spilling down the inside of his legs.

Hannibal pants heavily and leans over Will as he tries to regain himself. He stares down at his cum painting Will's red blemished skin and wants to rub his hand through it until it absorbs into Will's flesh. "I apologise, Caro, we did not discuss cum marking."

Will shakes his head gently, "I wanted it, Sir."

"Still, in future we will be better prepared now we know how intensely we react to each other." Hannibal says, the words themselves are simple but the implication is heavy and purposeful. *Next time*.

Will nods again, his head moving against the desk as he has not moved an inch, his body is exhausted but very aware that he has not yet been given permission to move. Right now he is content to lie across Hannibal's desk as his body quietly quivers in the aftermath.

Hannibal walks around his desk and retrieves wipes and a small towel from a drawer, uncaring of his still exposed softening cock, and wipes the mess from his hands. He then cleans his cock and tucks it back into his underwear, he refastens his trousers and walks back to Will. He gently dabs his cum from Will's skin and wipes his cock, making sure his boy is clean and comfortable. Once done he fetches a thick, soft robe from another drawer as well as some bottled water.

"You can stand up, Caro." he says gently and drapes the robe over Will's shoulders as he sluggishly obeys. "Good boy." he murmurs as he helps Will slip his arms into the robe and then ties it shut to keep the younger man warm. "Come with me."

Will feels dazed, everything feels soft and muted, calm and blissful. The stress he had been carrying has disappeared and he feels lighter than he has in years. He follows Hannibal's gentle words and guiding hands until he finds himself sitting on the chaise cradled between Hannibal's legs and leaning back against his chest - held in a comforting and intimate embrace. Hannibal holds an open bottle in front of his lips and Will sips the cool water. He feels pampered and cared for, his ass still stings and hums with pain but it's a low ache that carries an undercurrent buzz of pleasure.

"Did you enjoy our scene, Will?"

"Yes, I did. Very much." Will replies without hesitation and with bare honesty.

"That's good."

Hannibal's chest rumbles as he speaks feeling like a gentle purr against his back. "Did you like it, Hannibal?" Will asks shyly.

"I did. I enjoyed it very much." Hannibal lightly strokes his fingers up and down Will's arms soothingly. "I enjoyed seeing how much *you* enjoyed it. I liked being the one to give you what you wanted, what you needed." He smiles as Will shifts in his hold, clearly a little self

conscious, he leans in so his lips brush Will's ear. "You are beautiful in the throes of pain and pleasure, my dear Will."

Will rolls his lips between his teeth to trap a moan but it hums audibly in his throat, "I liked hearing you stroke yourself. I liked knowing I turned you on," his voice turns low and heady, "I liked feeling your cum on my skin."

Hannibal cannot repress a slight snarl at those words and desire dances in his veins. "Thank you for telling me, Will." he swallows thickly and clears his throat, "Did you like the riding crop?"

After a moment Will sighs shakily and emboldened by Hannibal's reactions, he replies, "I liked the crop but next time I want you to spank me."

For a moment there is nothing but silence and Will worries he's overstepped, then he feels more than hears Hannibal growl and his hold tightens. "It would be my pleasure, dear Will."

End Notes

These are the two websites I used for research -

https://mashable.com/article/sensory-play-sensation-bdsm

https://www.healthline.com/health/healthy-sex/impact-play#learn-more

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